

Well met Golsip:

OR,

Tis merrie when

Golsips meere

NEWLY ENLARGED WITH

diuers merrie Songs.



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Inf. R. Girul.
167




By your leaue Readers.

K Indulging Friends, since thus our case doth stand,
 That we are fall'n into the Printers hand;
 And haue before this time been often prest,
 To make our priuate meeting, publike iest;
 And that we must endure, and be content
 What Men put on vs in their merriment:
 Pray let vs not be too much play'd upon.
 Wee met indeed, it's true, and past and gon:
 Marry wee were, yet free from all offence,
 And there was no man charg'd with our expence;
 Vnto a penny wee our reckning payd:
 Then who can blame the Widow, Wife and Mayde,
 For meeting, and kind drinking each with other?
 Men can their owne carousings closely smother,
 Their Pottles and their Gallens, hand to hand,
 Their drinking Healthes vntill they cannot stand:
 And yet there is no Booke in Rime to shew it:
 But well, weeic haue a Wench shall be our Poet,
 And pay them home, because they doe prouoke:
 So pray reade on, weeic stand to all mee spoke.



Wife, Widdow, Mayde.



Tis merry When Gossips meete.

The Conference.

Good-den good Coussen: Iesu, how de'e doe? *Widdow.*
When shall we eate another *Dagger Pie*?
You are a stranger: Christ, when met we two?
Imuse you doe not call as you goe by:
What lucky businesse pra'y hath brought you hither,
That we should meete at *Lauerne*-doore together?

In truth (kind Coussie) my comming's from the *Pawne*, *Wife.*
But I protest I lost my labour there:

A *Gentleman* promist to giue mee *Laune*,
And did not meete mee which he well shall heare.

Some lets may happen in the way vnknowne: *Widdow.*
Hee hath been hindred, that's to bide vpon. *Wife.*

Why how now *Besse*? to passe vnscene doost thinke? *Widdow.*

Where go'st my Wench? *Bes.* To see my brother *Steven*.

Heer's *Widdow*, *Wife*, and *Mayde*: Esaich let's drinke. *Widdow.*

A parting Pint, and so God make vs euen.

Slip in good Coussen, you are next the dore,
Won Pint of kindnesse, and away, no more.

No in good faith: In troth I must away, *Wife.*

My husbands forth, our shop must needs be tended,

My Mother's gone to Church, I cannot stay, *Mayde.*

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Widdow. If I be found from home, steell'e be offended :
He leade the way my selfe : Lord, he 's a life,
I know these thjits since I was Mayde and wife.

Widdow. Where shall we be? (*Vint.*) I pray goe vp the staires,

Wife. Good Cou Ten no, let's take it standing heere.

Widdow. Bestrew m: then, where euery one repaires,
He none of that, weel'e haue a Room m: d ere,
Come, come, you looke that I should be your leader.

Wife. Cousse, that's because you are a nimble treader.

Vintner. Y're welcome Gentle-women; what wine drinke yee?

Widdow. Al's one to me: what say you Mistris Bessie?

Wife. What wine's the best for our complexion thinke yee?

Vintner. I haue no Phvsick, (*Wife.*) yet good brother gessie?

Widdow. Why ha't good Claret? (*Vint.*) the best in London.

Wife. Either fill good? be briefe, or leau't vndone.

Vintner. Heere *Gentlewomen*, this is neate and pure,

Wife. Pray taste it Couz, you know good Wine and Beere.

Widdow. Good Lord, good Lord, that you grow so demure:

Let's drinke familiar, wheretoe come we heere?

This to you both, Cousse, *Grace*, and Mistris Bessie.

A full Carouse, He haue you pledge no lesse.

Tis pretty wine in truth: pay fill your Cup,

Weel'e haue no pugling now we are alone,

If heere were men, I would not drinke it vp

For twentie pounds my selic: but now al's one:

Sometime wet up, and smell the wine's enuffe,

And leste a kisse, rather then make our Rutie.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

But now let's barre dissembling to be merry,
And in good ear rest entertaine our wine;
This touch, and taste, it makes the senses weary,
What reason now we shoulde be foolish fine?
No Louers, nor no Suters heere, that sees it;
We haue good time and liquor, let's not leese it.

Content (say I) may *Besse* like my skinker: *Wife.*
In truth (forsooth) a full Cup doth excell: *Mayde.*
Good Lord, I am become a mighty drunker:
Another pint, the fellow vsde vs well. *Widdow.*
I by my trooth, the wine is good in truth: *Wife.*
Fill tother pint. (*Wid.*) prethee go right sweete youth.

Now Cousse, heere's to our friends in *Soperlane.* *Widdow.*
Let come sweete Couzen, I will pledge them all. *Wife.*
But Iesu Christ! what is become of *Iane*? *Widdow.*
Oh, shee is gone to dwell by *London-VVall*: *Wife.*
Good God (in sooth) I neuer was more merry, *Widdow.*
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers-berry.*

Now heavenly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin,
But yet onetime we had a cruell thine,
A Drapers man and shee were mightie in;
I pray, what shee with him, or he with her? *Wife.*
Faith both in loue: *VVell*, *Iane*'s an honett *Mayde*; *Widdow.*
But Lord the pranks that we mad wenches playde.

My Mistresse got my Master to consent
One Mid-summer, shee being very ill,
To leaue the Citie, and goe lye in Kent.

It is merry when Gossips meete.

By which good hap, wee had the house at will:

There *Roger, lane*, and I, met euery night.

Wife. Heere *Besse*: Good brother fill's a quait of *White*.

Widdow. No Musicke in the Euening we did lacke,
Such dauncing Coussen, you would hardly thinke it:
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sacke,
T'woul' doe a wench good at the heart to drinke it,
Such store of tickling Galliards, I doe vow,
Not an old Dance, but *ohn com. kisse mee now*.

And let them talke, and praise the Marriage life
To be so full of pleasures as they say;
I that haue liu'd both *Widdow, Mayde, and Wife*,
And try'd all pleasure euery kinde of way,
Know what to do, and will maintaine this still,
That of the three, *Maydes* haue the world at will.

Wife. Efaith they haue and haue not: for you know,
(Put to the doore, heer's none but friends you see)
They say, Loue creepeth where it cannot go:
Maydes must be married, lest they mar'd should bee:
I will be sworne, before I saw fiftene,
I wisht that I my wedding day had seene.

Tush, tittle tattle: Besse, it must be done.
My Coussen thinks not as her words import,
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nunne:
Oh, flesh is fraile, we are a fittull sort,
I know that beaunous wenches are inclinde
To harbour handsome men within their minde:

Coussen

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Coussen you meane because a Mayde is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her bodie vnder,
Shee liues a life not bound so much as wee:
The rest is simple, and it makes me wonder,
That you which haue with *Venus* sports been fed,
Should put such errors in a Maydens head.

Nay, but I pray you vnderstand my reason,
The youthfull fauours that they doe attaine,
For this you know, that all the wooing season,
Sutors with Gifts continuall seeke to gaine
Their Mistresse loue, to ioyne with their affection,
With words and liues, humbled in subiection.

Widdow.

That's very true, the bountie of their loues,
Are lib'rall still with many a kinde respect:
In conscience I had twenty paire of Gloues
When I was Mayde, giuen to that eff. &:
Garters, Kniues, Purkes, Giroules, store of Rings,
And many a hundred daintie prettie things

Wife.

Well Coussen well, these dayes in date be past.
Tis very true, with vs that world doth change,
Heere stands a cup of wine, pray who dranke last?
Why, that did I, to *Besse*: Lord Maydes be strange:
They looke for thousand words of Sweete, and pray,
And take few things, to which they say not nay.

Widdow.

Wife.

Widdow.

Tis Maydens modestie to v'e deniall,
A willing offer com'neth twice or thrise.
But heer's a cup of wine doth stand for triall,

Mayde.

Widdow.

Your

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Your Maiden-shipp takes up for in too nice:

Pray mend your fault kinde *Besse*, wee'e none of that,

Wine and Virginitie kept stale, drinks flat:

Mayde. You are to blame, in truth, we drinke like men,
Now by my truely I am e'ne ashamed.

Widdow. Tut, wench, God knowes when we shall meete again;
Nor need we feare of husbands to be blained:
Our sent of wine shall not by them be felt,
The married wife in kissing will be sinelt.

Wife. Oh Cousse, if that be all the worst, I care not,
He take allowance euen with the best:
This Cup to you, you shall not say, I dare not:
My husband smell? Oh I see here's a kick,
I care as little for my husband smelling,
As any wench this houre in London dwelling.

Widdow. Tis well, you need not, sure I take him kinde,
Wife As kinde a man as woman need to lye with.

Mayde. Would I as well were fixt to my minde,
A louing man who would not lye and die with.

Widdow. My husband did to other Loues incline.

Wife. Nay mine is constant by this cup of wine.

Mayde. Now Christ, how *VVines* and *Widdowes* take occasions
T'inlarge their husbands credit, or dispraise:
Some harbour ielous thoughts, some kind perswasions;
In some match men, in some the woman straies:
And when they meete, they so discourse and lean
About, whole choyce hath got the kind. It man.

Alas

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Alas (good *Besse*) thou speak'st thou knowest not what, *Wife*.

Thy iudgement is not worth a Walnut-shell:

There's an old graue prouerbetel's vs, that

Such as dye Maydes, doe all leade Apes in hell?

I rather whiles I liue would yearly marry,

Then Waighting-maide on such preferment-tarry.

That prouerbes prooffe can doe you little stead,

Mayde.

But married wiues oft giues and takes such claps,

Taurus so rules and guides their husbands head,

That euery night they sleepe in Horne-worke caps.

I pray what prouerbe is it that allowes,

The Diuels picture on your husbands browes.

Enough you wangling wenches, sic for shame,

Widdow.

Take me in drinke, leaue off your disputation:

Pray Brother fill a pinte more of the same.

Coussen, belike you meane to drinke in fashion,

Wife.

Wee shall be trim'd, and haue our wits refine,

Esaith wee shall, if you may haue your minde.

Now to your husband Couffe, this full carouse,

Widdow.

In truth I pledge you, and I thanke you truly:

Wife.

To all our friends *Besse* at your mothers house.

Thankes gentle Mistresse *Grace*, I dranke but newly.

Mayde.

Beshrew by heart, this wine is not the worst.

Wife.

Good-faith, me thinkes tis better then the first.

Widdow.

But Coussen, pre'thee art not yet toward marriage?

Wife.

Truely I am, and am nor, as it stands:

Widdow.

A Gentleman of pasing gallant carr'age,

B

Doth

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Doth ply me hard; one that hath prettie Lands:
Handsomest man neuer in those did tread,
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To trie his loue, sometimes I faigne me sicke,
And (by this Candle) he will sit and weepe.
Wife. Now by my troth, that's ene my Good-mans tricke;
Let me complaine; Christ, what a coyle hee'le keepe:
Asking, what ayles my sweet-heart, tell me Hony,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my prettie Conny.

Widow. See see, how say: But sirra Coussen, than
I force a sigh, with halfe a dozen grones;
This comes (sayes he) to lye without a man.
Wife. My Husband sayes, kind loue, thou breedst yong bones.
Well *Iohn*. (say I) you iest to see my payne,
Then (by this wine) the foole will weepe againe.

Widow. Couffe, you are happie you haue such a one,
Make much of him, a Iewell wench thou hast:
But I had one would let me grunt and grone,
The veriest Clowne; but well, tis gone and past,
If he had liu'd Coussen, I doe protest,
I would haue done a thing: well, let that rest.

He neuer trust a Red-hair'd man againe,
If I should liue a hundred yeeres, that's flat:
His turne cannot be seru'd with one or twaine;
And how can any woman suffer that?
I know tis better to take wrong, then doe it.
But yet in such a case flesh leads vs to it.

Why,

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Why, is a Red-hair'd man so bad of life?

Mayde.

What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?

Not one among a hundred true t'his wife,

Widdow.

That constant loyall-hearted thoughts doth beare:

They loue, but how? as did the Youth of Greece,

From euery Wench to gaine a Golden Fleece.

And they whose mindes haue this corrupt infection,
(Because I would haue *Besse* to take good heede,)

Are such are call'd *Sanguine* of complexion,

I prethee Girle, let no such Suter speede:

I speake it by experience and good triall,

Of all haire-colours, giue that haire deniall.

A *Nut-browne* colour, or an *Aburne* either,

May both doe well, and are to be allow'd:

A *Waxen* colour hath no great fault neither:

But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,

It shall by me perpetuall be abhor'd,

And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard seems scar'd with Sprites t'haue bin,

That wants the worthiest grace, length, breadth & thick-

And hath no difference twixt his nose and chin, (ness,

But all his haire haue got the falling sicknesse,

Whose fore-front lookes like Iack-an-Apes behinde,

Shee that can loue him, beares a scurvie minde.

I pray, what say you to my husband then?

Wife.

The rar't Complection that you can deuise,

Widdow.

The Golden sentence prooues Blacke-bearded-men,

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Are precious pearles in beautilous womens eyes:
Their loyall hearts none iustly can controule,
I loue a blacke man Coussen, with my soule.

Wife. Let *Besse* note this? for when I was a Mayde,
And to the loue of men began to bow,
I gaue great care to that which women sayd,
When they were merry mer, as we are now:
Yea and my Mother did perswade mee too,
Wench (would shee say) note what your elders doo.

That lesson without booke was straight mine owne,
Shee need not to repeate it ouer twice,
I quickly smelt what t'was to liue alone,
What to be kinde in loue, what to be nice.

Pintner. Anan, anan, what i'ft (forsooth you lacke?)

Widdow. Sawseges, Brother, and a pinte of Sacke.

Mayde. No more in sadnesse, now t'is time to part,
In conscience it is fixe a clocke at least;

Widdow. Wee'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart.

Mayde. They say, enough's as good as any Feast:

Widdow. Indeed, my wench, enough's a Feast, that's right,
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Wife. You both may mend that matter when you will,
Whose fault i'ft but your owne, you doe not marry?
God made not *Besse* to liue a Mayden still.

Mayde. Faith t'is my Mothers counsell that I tarry,
She alwayes sayes, when Yong-men comes a woing,
Stay Daughter stay, you must not yet be doing.

Now

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Now in good faith your Mother is too blame,
To wish so womanly a wench to stay:
Shee knowes fiftene, may husbands iustly claime.
Fiftene, why I was that last Lady-day:

Widdow.

Mayde.

You are deceiu'd, for I am no such youth,
I am sixtene when next March comes, in truth.

Bestrew my heart, but that's a goodly time,
I would to Christ that I could say so too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor stand and aske my Mother what to doe,
No, I could tell, I trow, as well as shee,
Toward Batchelours, how Maydens ought to bee.

Widdow.

I, I know something too: but what of that?
Our Parents willes you know must be obey'd.
Well, say they must; yet shall I tell you what
A Scholler told mee when I was a Mayd,

Mayde.

Wife.

Of Marriage knot, they haue no power to breake it,
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did speake it,

T'was nothing but sound truth which he did tell,
For husbands, we our parents must forsake,
Were this wine burn'd Cossen, it would doe well.
Faith I was thinking on it when you spake:

Widdow.

Wife.

Mayde.

My Mother sayes, burnt Sacke is good at night.
A'my word *Beffe*, your Mother's in the right.

Wife.

Brother, I prethee let this wine be burn'd,
And see (good youth) the Sawseges be ready:
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,

Widdow.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

When Sacke is sugered t'will not be so headie,
Mayde. Wee drinke so much, my cheeks are pasing warme.
Wife. Sweet *Elizabeth*, good wine can doe no harme.

Yet trust mee Cousin, when I was a Girl,
For Tauerne, no Yong-man could get me to it,
Neither for loue, gold, precious stones, or pearle:
My tongue denide, when heart inclinde to doe it:
For (by my faith) I euer lou'd good wine,
But oft refrain'd, I was so maiden fine.

Widdow. Well, wot you *Besse* to whom Ile drinke too now?
Sure as I liue, vnto your sister *Sisse*,
And to the Youth that did the Angell bow,
And sent it for a Token: truth halte this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Resolue it, or you wrong him, *Besse*, in sooth.

Mayde. His loue to mee, I little doe regard,
Perhaps my sister doth respect it more.

Widdow. Then *Elizabeth*, in truth you vse him hard.

Mayde. How hard? hee hath his answere long before,
I will not loue him what so ere befall,
Ile haue a handsome man, or none at all.

Widdow. Go too, go too, his riches doth excell,

Mayde. A Figge for wealth, tis Person I affect.

Widdow. You are a foole, he will maintaine you well.

Mayde. I tell you, I a proper man respect:

De'e thinke that I with such a Dwarfie wil store mee:
That shall disgrace mee as hee goes before mee.

He

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

He haue a comely man from head to foote,
In whose neate limbes no blemish can be spide:
Whose legges shall grace his stocking or bis boote,
And weare his Rapier manly by his side:
With such a one my humour doth agree,
He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Besse, and th'art wise, hold that opinion still,
For were I to begin the world to morrow,
In such a choice, I would my minde fulfill:
And so I drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:
Weuch, let it be thy rule at any hand,
To make thy choice, euen as thy minde doth stand.

Many doe match (as true as this is wine)
With some Dunc, Clowne, or Gull, they care not who,
For no cause, but to be maintained fine,
And haue their willes in what they please to doe:
When their hearts loues as much in other things,
As there is vertue in mine Apron-strings.

Faith tis too true: Fough, what a filthy smell?
As sure as death I am ene like to choake.
Mee thinkes I feele my selfe not very well.
Now out vpon't, it is Tobacco smoake:
Knocke Coussen knocke, heere is a filthy smother,
For Gods loue quicke: some Iuiper sweete Brother.

There cannot be a more detested stinke:
And yet you see how daintie many makes it.
As true as this is wine that I doe drinke,

Wife.

Widdow.

Mayde.

Wife.

Widdow.

Mayde.

I

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Wife. I would not for a Crowne kisse one that takes it,
My husband is so kinde an honest man,
That hee'le touch none, if I say, doe not *tan,*

Widdow. His commendations certaine is the more,
With one another we are bound to beare;
Hee beates with you, fauour you him therefore.

Wife. Surely I doe, as both of you shall heare:
Tis death to him to smell but a Goose-pie,
And therefore Goose-flesh neuer doe I buy.

Widdow. That's a strange matter sure; I loue a Goose,
But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,

Wife. When I ate Pigge, it makes my body loose,

Mayde. I loue a tender Rabbet, or a Hare,
A Turkie-pie, or Pigion for a need:
But on grosse Butchers flesh I cannot feede.

Wife. Coussen, when I lay inne of my first Boy,
Lord how I long'd to eat a Partridge wing,
And when it came, my stomacke had no ioy,
But all my minde was of another thing: (buy,
Thou shalt lacke nought (quoth *John*) that gold will
Why then (sweete heart) lets haue a Cherry-pie.

If *London* yeeld it (Loue) thou shalt not lacke,
So kinde, me thinkes I heare him still repeate it:
But hastning downe the staires, I call'd him backe:
Tis full of stones (quoth I) I cannot eate it:
With that he kist me, and began to weepe,
And I being somewhat heauy, fell asleepe.

But

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

But then I fell into the strangest dreame
Of fire and water, that you euer heard:
And I was troubled, Couffe, the most extreame
With one all night, that had a yellow Beard,
And with a Cocke had neither Spurres nor Combe,
And with the little Birch you haue at home.

Why surely now, you talke of dreames, in sadnesse, *Widdow.*
I dream'd last night two Cats did leape and skip,
Playing together with great sport and gladnesse,
Vntill one came to part them with a whip:
I laughed that my heart did ake thereat,
To see the foolish fellow whip the Cat.

A prettie iest: But *Besse*, to whom de'e drinke? *Wife.*
I spie a fault, you doe your selfe forget:
The wine stands waiting in the cup, me thinke,
Prethee, my wench, lets haue our lips kept wet,
I pledge thee my Girle: nay sweet now drinke it vp,
A *Gossips* round, that's euery one a cup,

Musicians comes in.
Coussen, heer's Fidlers, lets heare a Song:
But looke my friends, it be a pleasing thing. *Widdow.*
I am afraid then we shall stay too long. *Mayde.*
No, no, I warrant: come on, quickly sing. *Widdow.*
Let it touch men I pray in any case: *Wife.*
This Youth (mee thinkes) will doe it with a grace.

The Song.

WHat's a womans chiefe delight?
To giue man his hearts content:
How doth hee the same require?

C

Long

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Loue her till the sport be spent :
You that doubt it, doe but try,
Men will flatter, cogge, and lye.

With bewitching words they sue,
Vowing constant faith and loue;
Women thinke their oathes be true,
Till (poore soules) they trie and prooue,
Then they finde, when helpe is past,
For a night their loue doth last.

Their owne Stories tell their liues,
How vnconstant they haue dealt;
Honest *Widdowes*, *Maydes*, and *Wines*,
Haue their double dealing felt:
All will say that are not blinde,
Men are false, and Women kinde.

When they vow, trust not their swearing,
When they smile, thinke they will frowe,
Giue their flattering but the hearing,
If they can, thei'le put you downe:
Since they seeke your ouerthrow,
Keep them from the thing you know.

For to be in great request,
Make your loue exceeding strange,
Trie good earnest out in iest:
Deale with flatterers by change:
As they come, so let them passe;
Turne dissemblers out to grasse.

FINIS.

Now

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

NOW God-amercy Boy, this Song is true,
I prethee drinke, tis good to mend thy voice.
Hast thou not such another that is new?

Widdow.

Wife.

Yes, I haue one is call'd, *The Maydes bad choyce*:
Pen'd by a Mayde her selfe, whose constant truth
Was lately wronged by a Merchants Youth.

Boy.

Widdow. Sing it prethee.

The Song.

YOU *London* Maides, giue care to me,
That am in Loue your owne,
And borne within the Citie walles,
Well friended, and well knowne.

My selfe I will not seeme to praise,
It were a note of pride:
What beautie there is in my face,
Or comely limbes beside.

My ready witte, and quicke conceit
To breake a nimble iest;
And all good parts and qualities,
I meane to let them rest.

The Art I haue in Needle-worke,
Imbrod'ry rich in Gold:
With Lace and Stich, and euery thing
That may or can be told.

For Dauncing, and my skill in Song,
I must, and will be mute:

C 2

My

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

My playing on the Virginals,
And tickling of the Lute.

Ile burie all mine owne good parts,
And of a Youth will speake;
Whose most vaukinde bad qualities,
Doth make my heart to breake.

How hee is calde, I will conceale,
And not reueale the same;
Because Ile leaue him like a *lew*,
Without a Christian name.

Hee plide mee long, as Suters doe,
(I meane these subtrill men)
And wee had often meeting too,
It skils not where, and when.

Hee vow'd hee lou'd mee constantly,
Farre dearer then his life:
And would himself, destroy himselfe,
Except I were his wife.

I being (as poore wenches bee)
Most kinde, where loue doth sting:
Consented too, (I shame to tell :)
And let him doe the thing.

This done, which cannot be vndone,
(Tis now sixe months too late :)
I am turn'd off, my Youth hath got
Another louing mate.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

One that hath neither witte nor wealth,

Beantie, nor comely grace:

One that is Kitchin-stuffe to mee,

Her stocke is knowen so base.

Fie, who would trust this wicked world?

Maidens take heed, be wise:

I am not *Widdow*, *Wife*, nor *Mayde*,

But of another size.

FINIS.

I Like this Song exceeding wel indeed:

Widdow.

Heer's sixe pence toward the Musick with my heart.

Besse, tis good warning wench for you; take heed,

Wife.

He see him hang'd, would play me such a part:

Mayde.

Hee that should come and offer but to seele,

I would en'e scorne that fellow with my heele.

Well, go-too Couffe, goe forward with the rest.

Widdow.

What rest I pray? I know not what you meane.

Wife.

No, why of her that is your neighbours guest?

Widdow.

Tis true, tis true; my gallant filken Queane:

Wife.

I had forgot the talke I was about,

The Fidlers comming in, cleane put me out.

Why, shee for-sooth (an't please you) is so fine,

Shee neuer drinks, vlesse shee dine or sup,

And then shee hath her penny-pot of wine.

Widdow.

Marry and gip, some body take her vp:

Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,

That takes in Diet by the Dram and Pill.

E 3.

My.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Wife. My husband doth allow mee, Ile be sworne,
A pinte a meale, as true as we sit heere:
I tell you (as my friends) I would ene scorne,
To dine or suppe without it in a yeere:
Hee knowes (e faith) to please me in my diet,
Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

Then if he sees them out of patience once,
O Christ how he will seeke to make a mends:
Then doe I sigh, to griue him for the nonce,
Wherewith hee'le kisse, and say; Sweet loue be friends:
I let him kisse, and speake me faire awhile,
And when the sullen humor's past, I smile.

Widow. I cannot chuse but praise thy prettie wit,
It is the very course that I would take:
Thou entertain'st his humour passing fir.
Mayde. Why, I thought men had lou'd for kindnesse sake;
Wife. Alas plaine wench, God knowes thou art not in it,
Shee that will settle loue, must this way win it.

Mayde. Indeed, I neuer heard that tricke before,
I thought mens loue must still be fed with kindnesse;
Wife. God helpe thee *Besse*, not one among a score,
That poore opinion is but Maydens blindnesse:
In these things thou knowest little, it appears,
But it will come, for now thou com'st to yeares.

Why woman, if wee seeme not in behauiour;
As though we car'd not greatly to consort,
They'le thinke, forsooth, they doe vs mightie fauour,
And

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

And we must seeme beholden for our sport:
So best in strangenesse we our meanings hide,
Which makes them loue, & giue good words beside:

This for instruction, *Besse*, I haue disclosed.
In truth I yeeld more thanks then may be told.
Heer's to you both against you be disposed:
Lord, while you talke, the Sawfeges wax cold,
Come, draw your Knives; fall to, I pray begin,
You know cold Puddings are not worth a pin.

Mayde.

Widdow.

How pretty salt they taste: but tis the better:
Most rare csaith to drinke Sacke withall;
Besse, pray goe too, will you remaine my debter:
Why de'e not pledge me? troth and faith you shall.
Nay sure all this: trust me tis more then need,
In truth, in sadnesse, now in very deed.

Wife.

Widdow.

Mayde.

Well, if you doe not *Besse*, you doe me wrong,
You shall not be forsworne for twentie pound:
How't burnes my belly as it goes along.
My turne is next, and so it passeth round:
Looke Gentle-woman, is it full de'e thinke?
I scorne to be intreated take my drinke.

Widdow.

Mayde.

Wife.

Why laugh you Cousen? sweete now let vs know:
An odde conceit I thinke on makes me smile:
When I am soorth in company, or so,
How by the dramme, I take in wine that while:
Kissing the Cup, vpon the wine I frowne,
And so with smelling it, I set it downe.

Widdow.

Mayde.

Some

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Some simple Foole, (all manners for his wit)
Comes on me with the French salute most quaintly,
And Sayes, Sweete mend your draught, you drinke now hit,
In troth you shew your selfe too Mayden-daintie:
Drinke better Lady, at my kinde request.
I say (sweete Sir) I can no wine digest.

Widdow. Marry wee'le beare you witnesse when you will,
Ile take my oath on twentie Table-bookes,
The last full Cup hath made you mightie ill:
Some *Rosa-solis*: see how pale shee lookes,
Another pinte of that shee tasted last,
To breake winde with, and then the worst is past.

Wife. Good (e'faith) good, my Coussc is in the vaine,
Ile match you for it wench, I hold a Crowne:
Fill none, valesse you'l'e drinke about againe.

Widdow. Content say I, you shall not put mee downe:
How say'st thou *Besse*, shall it be so Girle, speake?

Mayde. If I make one, pray God my Girdle breake.

Wife. Talke not so loud, what will folke thinke that heare?
The very *Vintners* Boy laught when you spake.

Widdow. Had I seene that, I would haue found his care:
Why master Boy, wee'le pay for what wee take:
Base Groom, I say, although thou tak'st me mellow,
Know smooth-fac'd Knaue, I am your Mistres fellow.

Wife. Good Lord, what ayles my Coussen, be so hot?
Tush, let it passe, you know Boyes sawcie bee.

Widdow. It shall not be forgiven, nor forgot:

Your

It is merry when Gossips meete.

Your Master hies (you saie) by such as wee:

Call for a Reeking; let's know what's to pay?

By Heaueh, I scorne a minute more to stay.

Brother, I pray, is it your Masters minde,

Your tellow boy should flout Guests when they drink?

My Masters will is for to vse you kinde,

T'will coath him more, my friend, then you doe like.

What is thy name? *Forsooth my name is William.*

What County man? *Forsooth as you haue said,*

William, we come not here to be abused,

There we meete Tawny-bellies, your sinne.

VVoe you goe where we might be courteous vsed.

In truth forsooth, my tellow's shurely Clothe.

William, will haue some wine where we are,

And *William, Boyes should use their best best well.*

For *William, say the case were but your own,*

And that you were as we are at this season,

With friends a drinking where you are vnkowne,

VVould you be flout'd? *Forsooth, by my faith and reason,*

William, thus answer'd like a youth not forsooth,

For surely, *William, I would haue some wine.*

And *William, I would haue you vnderstand,*

VVee'll pay your Master for the wine we haue.

O Lord, forsooth, as sure as in my hand.

William, we come not to carouse at this time,

VVee met together, *William, at your doore,*

And carred for a pint, which sale out more.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

William, wee will not be beholding (see yce)

Vnto your Master, more then to another:

T'is for good wine and welcome, wee come to yee,

Or farewell William, and you were my Brother.

And therefore William, this Abuse we scorne,

For we are London Gentlemen borne.

Why William know, here's neither Cisse nor Kate:

Ynter. No, so God helps mee, I doe see you are not:

Widdow. Thinks you your fellow, were the Parrot spake: W

William, our talke is honest, and we care not.

If all the Parrots were in place to heare it

No by this Cup. For. I thinke you need not sweare it.

Forsooth, I trust your wine was very good:

William. I haue had wine was not amiss:

But this boy hath such much to say:

A Man, William, would nere haue offer'd this:

The Proud boyes, in manner that doth make:

William, give Gods good wordes for manners sake:

William, when canst thou in this house to dwell

Forsooth, about three yeares ago, last May.

Widdow. William, serue God, and please thy Master well,

T'will be thine owne William, another day:

Your Master shall see, when hee shall see thee:

Ynter. Yes forsooth yes, a while hee shall see thee:

Widdow. William, your Master shall see thee by here.

Ynter. No forsooth, but I thinke hee shall see thee:

To haue a boy such as hee shall see thee.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

So would not I, (*William*) for Boyes be wilde, *Widdow.*
Though Girles crie (*William*) till they be bepist,
William, giue me a Girle, take Boyes who list.

Coussen you doe forget your selfe, mee-thinke, *Wife.*
When *Besse* and I come home, we shall be chid.
Pray fill the Cup to *William*, let him drinke.

In truth forsooth, 't's the last thing I did. *Widdow.*

Good *William* drinke, I prethee *William* doo. *Vintner.*

Forsooth I pledge you, and I thanke yee too. *Wife.*

Now Gentlewomen, I intreate you speake, *Vintner.*

And name the wine, a pinte I will goe fill.

Now *William*, no; there's many Vintners breake, *Wife.*

Let it alone, prethee, kinde hearted *Will*,

It is enough, if you one rule doe keepe,

And that is this; Nicke not your Pots too deepe.

There is much knauery in your trade for that,

Which will not thriue, who euer vs the same;

Draw briske to *Londoners*, let *Clownes* drinke flat,

That take in wine but onely for the name;

Out-face the Fooles, but with a cogging tale,

For all their iudgement's in a pot of Ale.

You can perswade them that their taste is bad,

And boast your wine, that there's no better drawne;

The like in *London* is not to be had;

When all is false, and but an outward sawne.

Coussen, wee know Vintners can doe amisse, *Widdow.*

But we might haue drunke *William's* pinte by this.

Tis merry when Gossips meete.

Visiter. Troth you shall haue it instantly, I runne.

Wife. Why this is your fault Cousin, you'le not leaue.

Widdow. Tut, haug him knaue: this pinte, and we haue done,
So much in measure, hee did vs deceiue:

Did you not marke how e'ry Pot lackt filling,

Wee'le take it kindly, cause hee giues it willing.

Visiter. Heere Gentle women, and I thanke you all.

Wife. This is a cuppe of Clarret doth excell.

Visiter. At any time, when you doe please to call,

Vpon my honestie lie vlc you well,

While with my Matter I remaue a dweller,

You shall command the best that's in the Seller.

Widdow. Thankes *William*: What's to pay? and now an end.

Visiter. Marry forsooth, Three shillings and a penny.

Widdow. Lay downe their Monyes prethee, none shall pend,

Conesse, and *Besse*, in troth this time not any.

Harke, Bow-bell rings, I doe protest tis late:

William, good-night, farewell; take vp thy Plate.

FINIS.

